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POEMS

MRS. S. C. HAZLETT-BEVIS.

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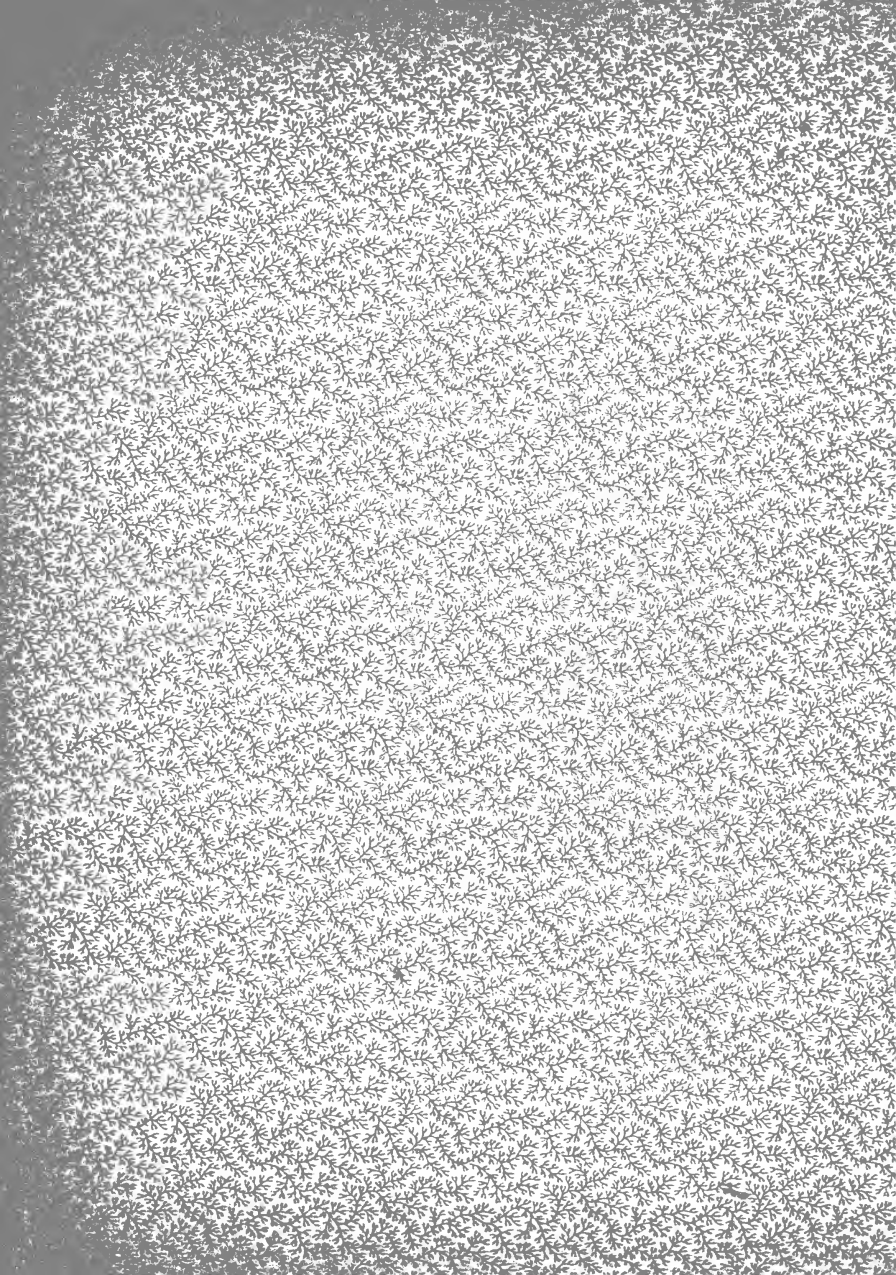
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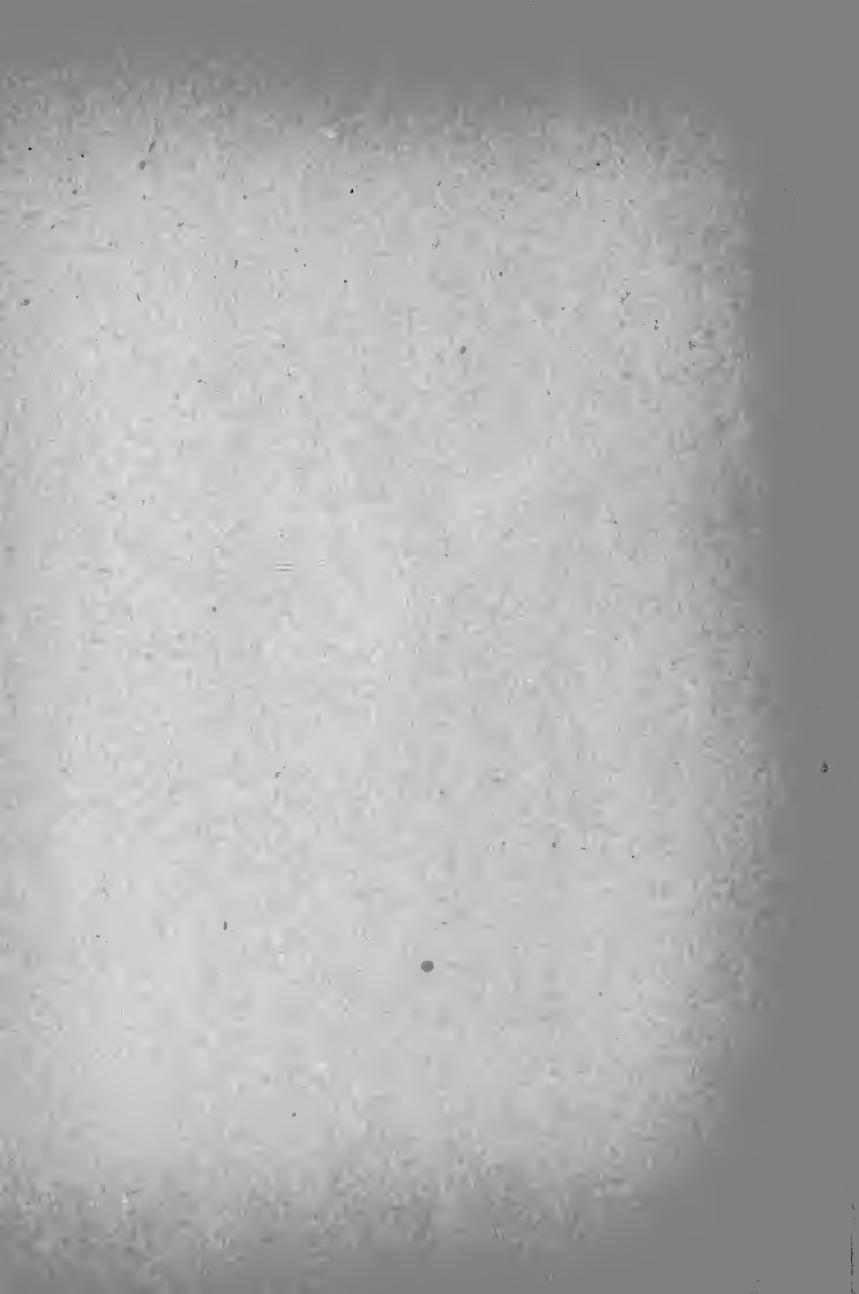
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1890

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.









POEMS

—BY—

MRS. S. C. HAZLETT-BEVIS. ✓



CINCINNATI:
HENRY H. BEVIS, PUBLISHER.

1890.

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ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS IN THE YEAR 1890,

By HENRY H. BEVIS,

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NOTES BY THE AUTHOR.

IN these few published poems, it is not the aim of the writer, for any mark of greatness, nor has it been the intention until very recently, to convey them in book form to the reading public.

The feeling which prompted both thought and verse, has been that of sympathy, a desire for purity in rythm and tone, and simplicity of expression, with a love for the beautiful.

I am aware of the criticism which will be passed upon them, many of them being mediocre, but all, I trust, bearing the seal of *His* sanction, and a few at least, showing the author's faith in humankind.

Some day, greater things may be accomplished.

S. C. H. B.

Cincinnati, October 1, 1890.

Greeting.

“HAIL!” and not “farewell!”
Oh, friend of mine;
My hand to thee as well
I offer, clasping thine
In hope, that days to come
May bring for thee
The kindest joys of home,
On land, or sea;
That every day and hour
May make thy life so bright,
No dark’ning shower
Shall cloud it, nor e’en night
Be known from day,
Except that thou mayest rest;
By that, life’s better way
Wherein we’re taught ’tis best.
Oh, if thou couldst see
Within my heart’s deep cell,
There’s not a strain for thee
That whispers “fare thee well.”

Poesy.

OH, Poesy! White-winged Goddess thou,
With Heaven's garlands on thy brow;
Earth's beauties thou alone can teach,
And thou alone can Love beseech;
For choicest thoughts are clothed in words
That enter hearts, more keen than swords;
By rythm soft and cadence mild,
They with broken hearts have smiled;
And they who stand beside the bier
Of all their hopes, take courage here,
Because in words more dear than gold,
Life's lessons teach, though worn and old,
In lines of thought so rich and rare,
That bids them hope, and not despair.
In every soul there gleams a drift
Of Poesy, we could but sift
The dross from out the gems, and see
The beauty and the melody.
He made His image not in vain,
'Though sinfulness hath beauty slain;
And He hath taught thee well the art,
Oh, Poesy! that better part;
To twine and mingle with the air
The sweetest scents of blossoms fair;

To tell the trills of tiny birds
In sweetest tunes, in rapture words;
To catch the moonlight's halo fair,
And soften even sunshine's glare.
In everything, as gold refined,
Thou speakest thoughts of higher mind;
To thee we ascribe the greatest power
To beautify the living hour,
Because He speaketh through thy words,
And plays on strings of silver chords,
To idealize the soul of man,
And bid him thus annul the ban;
To forge the fetters and go free
As thou, oh, White-winged Poesy.

Heart to Heart.

SOME day we shall stand, you and I,
In fairer lands I trow,
And clasping hands 'neath bluer sky,
We then shall surely know
Why the gulf between us yawned so wide,
Why 'twas given us here to part,
And as the golden gate swings soft aside,
Oh, shall we not stand heart to heart?

Somewhere.

SOMEWHERE, 'tis said, in the Earth's great waste
A beautiful isle may be found,
Where naught but is lovely and fair and chaste
Find place on that hallowed ground.
Somewhere, afar in the mystic seas,
Whose waters, all rippling and blue,
Wash up to the shore with a rythm of peace,
And heighten its beauties anew.

In this island of Somewhere the sun ever shines,
But its rays are all softened and rare,
And out of its verdure fair blossoms and vines
Fling incense to perfume the air.
The music of birds singing sweetly His praise,
Like none other on earth can compare ;
Both moonlight and starlight beam gently their rays
And halo His kind, watchful care.

Age never comes to this mystical shore—
It is years of perennial bloom ;
Sadness and sorrow are barred evermore—
Its ways are not shadow nor gloom.
Happiness has chartered this beautiful isle,
Only Peace, Love and Joy are its tones ;
From deep, lovely eyes, and sweet lips a smile,
But never are heard sighs or moans.

Neither hunger nor cold are ever felt there,
Grim want stands abashed far away;
Not even in dreams can fear or despair
Ever punish the beings who stay.
Disappointment, Ambition,—low groveling lie,
Both a snare and a cheat, well we know;
And only Contentment beneath the blue sky,
Somewhere—on earth here below.

Oh, come; let us go! We have tarried too long;
The shadows are lengthening each day.
Somewhere! Ah, hasten where Hope wafts a song
And bids us be happy always.
Let us find it, tho' mountains and seas intervene,
Though fire and flood bar the way;
We long for the *rest*, and the beauty of scene,
And the joy that will linger for aye.

A Little Child.

ONLY a tiny hand-clasp,
Only an accent mild,
Only a pattering footstep,
But that of a little child.

Only blue eyes uplifted,
Only a pleading filed,
Only a heart in yearning,
And that of a little child.

Only a trust in keeping,
Only to be beguiled,
Only glistening tear-drops—
The blood of a little child.

Only a heart grown callous,
Only a soul defiled,
Only a saddened memory—
A neglected little child.

Christ Entering Jerusalem.

OVER the Mount of Olives the Master
Took his way, from Bethany old
To Jerusalem, caring not that disaster
Might block his path, as onward bold
He pressed, with gracious mien, the while,
Treading the garden of Bethpage,
Whose fruit and sunlight both did smile
Upon this mighty sage.
With wondering eye and steadfast awe
The gathering rabble came behind
Him; they knew not creed nor law,
But that he healed the blind
And bade the halt go free.
Weary and spent, an ass was brought
Him from Bethpage, so did he
Ride; and then from out
The multitude, in trenchant tones there broke
Triumphal acclamations; yet
Through it all, he never spoke
In praise nor anger. Palms met
Above his head, e'en branches cut
And waved by hands that knew him not,
Commemorative and regnant all, but
He, the only son of God begot,

Meekly led the way to Jerusalem.

The preparation of that great feast,
The Passover, was begun; and to stem

The crowded throng, from West to East
Beyond its wall, was almost vain.

With heterogeneous life the city
Trembled. Outlying khans and caves again
Were peopled with a class to pity.

Three million souls, all in that time

Were there, in suburb and Jerusalem;
A rangling horde of reek and slime—

For know ye well that now and then
Were two extremes. No assuaging

Moral, and physical agencies with which
To heal and lessen human suffering;

And even a doctor's lance and stitch
Were all, alas, unknown to men.

Slaves the one half, and the other
Monsters. Rome had so far driven

Her cohorts over hearts of mother,
Brother, friend and foe, hearthstones

And shrines, all, all were as nought—
The dead and their reeking bones,

The height of that Rome sought.

What wonder then, the lame and blind,

The leper and the madman came
To feel a touch so sweetly kind

As Christ's—the blessed name?

They threw themselves before him,
 Kissed his garment's trailing hem,
 And with glazed eyes, and dim,
 Plead for succor—Alleluia, Amen!
 Calmly he descends from off the ass,
 And with uplifted hands,
 He bade the tumult cease,
 Kindly, for only pity for the band
 Fills Jesus' heart; he lays a gentle touch
 Upon the dead babe of a mother wild
 With frantic grief, for even such
 As these, he said in accents mild,
 "Let the little ones come unto me."
 Arab, Bedouin, Nubian—all these were there—
 Every phrase of human life and misery;
 Even the beautiful and fair
 Greek maiden, who doth hope to learn
 More of Jesus' wide-spread fame,
 And in her youthful heart, a yearn
 His love and grace to claim.
 Through the groups, so base and motley,
 Semitic, Hellenic and even Coptic faces,
 Bethlehem shepherds and the noted pharisee,
 Men of every class—all races,
 Bow in homage, now his skill
 To seek; yet doubt and disdain,
 Stand also there, and if so, still
 Why come they, if in vain?

A Judean sunset covers all
And bathes the features of Messiah
With a glory—not a pall.
St. John, who is ever nigh, a
Man who speaks unto the throng,
Of peace and joy through Him
Who doeth all things well; a song
His voice, it is so kindly. Twilight dim
Falls upon them ere they part;
Palm branches strew the ground before
Our Lord, and every grateful heart
Yields to his power for evermore.

Only a Flower.

BETWEEN two worn and faded leaves
Of a soiled and tarnished book,
Lay gently pressed, by one who grieves,
A bud from shaded nook.
A withered rose, with ribbon tied
About the stiffened stem,
Tells of the loving heart that died,
And a cross and diadem.

Try Not to Feel.

THEY sat in the gathering twilight,
Night's candles alit in the sky,
And talked of the world and its trials,—
The one with a tear in her eye,
The other grown older and patient,
With scars on her heart yet to heal,
As she whispered the one who sat near her
“You must toil on and try not to feel.”

“Try not to feel!” And the woman
Whose lines into places not fair
Had fallen, looked up, as the omen
Fell on her ear, with despair.
“Try not to feel!” Should she crush it,
This God-given instinct? Ah, no—
Thrust it aside, all the good and the true,
To the level of brutes must she go?

“Try not to feel!” Indurated
As one who like marble had grown?
While toiling for bread, all weary and worn,
She must smile when they gave her a stone;
Smile when a curse fell upon her,
Heed not how cruel the blows;
“Try not to feel!” It is nothing,
And in the Hereafter,—who knows?

“Try not to feel!” Become callous
To all of the world and its sneers,
To trample the heart, sore within us,
And care not when taunted with jeers;
Accepting with grace, the mean portion
So pitilessly doled out each day,
And satisfied be with the gleanings
Though one falter and faint by the way.

“Try not to feel!” It is easy
To preach unto those of no heart—
But they who are climbing the mountain
Know well how the thorns tear apart
And pierce the white feet that are pressing
The soil, all so scorching and rough.
“Try not to feel!” Ah, the mockery,
As well whisper winds “’tis enough.”

“Try not to feel!” If each human
A burden alone could but bear
Without inflicting another,
What need would there be of a prayer?
“Try not to feel!” And thus calmly
Go down to the grave without thought;
But oh, for the heart that was stifled,
To learn just how dearly ’twas bought.

Parting.

THERE is never a parting on this old earth,
Let it be with the living or dead,
But is tinged with a sadness from memory's birth,
Of the "might-have-been" there in its stead.

There is always regret for a something that's lost,
And a wish we had only known
More of this friend, at whatever the cost,
Whose life may have aided our own.

A something from out of one's life has flown,
An echoless room is left bare;
For every heart has a niche of its own,
And a place in your own to share.

It may be with pleasure, it may be with pain,
We voice the simple "Good-bye,"
But we catch a note of the old refrain
That sings of forever and aye.

The Sunshine of Death.

'Twas a glint of golden sunshine
Glancing in an open door,
Struggling through the creeping vines
To bathe a sanded floor;

It fell aslant a sleeping face,
And touched the silken curls
That nestled 'round a forehead chaste
As morning dew, or pearls.

'Twas only a crippled orphan,
Of summers scarcely ten,
Tho' looking like a wee, old man—
So pinched and pale; but when

The sunlight touched his pillow,
And turned his hair to gold,
He smiled and said: "Will-o'-
'The-Wisp, I've caught you now to hold."

And opening wide his big blue eyes,
He gave a sudden grasp;
And then he stared in mild surprise
As nought his fingers clasp.

“What is it, dear?” And grandma calm,
With sweetly plaintive voice,
Came to his couch, “My little lamb
Why do you so rejoice?”

“Oh, grandma, I had such a dream,
So beautiful and long;
A dazzling light in it did seem
To fill the air with song;

“I thought it was a brilliant bird—
Will-o'-the-Wisp—so sweet
The charming music that I heard,
I shadowed its retreat;

“And when I came quite close and low,
I softly thrust my hand
Into a fragrant bush, when lo!
I caught the sunshine's strand;

“See how it lingers 'bout my bed,
So lovingly and warm,
And bathes my weary aching head
With such a soothing charm;

“I've been so tired, all night through,
I'm better now,” he said;
The white lids drooped o'er eyes of blue,
A smile—and he was dead.

Sped Arrows.

THERE are cruel words
That cut like swords,
 In these aching hearts of ours,
There is never a day,
Let us do as we may,
 That can take back unwelcome hours.

A whisper soft
Of slander, oft
 Will leave on the air a stain,
That try as we will
Remains there still
 And we strive to remove in vain.

There are hearts that break
Every day, and we make
 Our own lives harder still,
By a careless tone
That we give alone,
 For the sake of a stubborn will.

It's a little thing
For a bird to sing
 As it springs from its dewey nest,
But it teaches all,
Both great and small,
 That a peaceful life is best.

Day after Day.

DAY after day comes the longing
To do, and to dare, and to be;
With patient effort still striving
To catch from life's fretful sea,
A bit of rare driftwood or blossom,
Where the scent of the perfume still clings.
And just a glimpse of the moonlight,
Which the halo of waters there flings.

A sight of a sail bearing onward
A cargo, with one hope fulfilled;
Its bow glistening white in the sunlight,
With the promise of joys never stilled.
A song drifting down from vast Somewhere,
So freighted with love and rare peace,
That the heart of each one looking upward,
Echoes back a sublime surcease.

It is not the longing that weakens,
And makes the heart weary and faint;
It is not the hopes and the striving
That leaves (God forbid) a dark taint,
It is never the recompense coming,
Waited and toiled for so long;
There's always a shadow that darkens,
And a moan through the sweetness of song.

Our Warrior Dead.

GIRD on your armor, but not as of old,
Hastening to enter the fray,
But with loving thoughts of the brave and bold,
Who rest, all along life's way;
Buckle your sword with a trembling hand,
Don your old coat of blue,
Scatter sweet blossoms all over the land.
On the graves of our boys, so true.

Fling to the winds, our starry flag,
Wave it with tearful eye;
Tender the thoughts of the faded rag,
That floated 'neath Southern sky.
Hand in hand, let the flowers fall,
On the blue and the gray, alike;
No difference make, o'er one and all,
As your guns you gently spike.

Think if a smile, on the dear, dead face,
Hovers not 'round the pale lips;
Perhaps they may hear in this sacred place,
The sound of the bugle tips;
The roll of the drum may reach their ears—
Who knows? We cannot tell.
They lie so still! Let fall your tears,
O'er the graves and the flowers, as well.

Brave soldier dead, may our presence speak
Of the tender memories borne
Of thee, while with bowed head meek,
We greet on this May day morn.
Flowers of Hope, and Peace, and Trust,
We lay them at thy feet,
Humble offerings to the dust
Of a sacrifice so complete.

So gather them in, all the beautiful flowers,
Prepare them with kind, loving hand;
Scatter them wide o'er these graves of ours—
Our boys, all over the land.
Sacred the trust to us hath been given,
Keep it with prayerful heart;
Sometime, we know the hearts now riven
Will join, with a never-to-part.

The Unsung Song.

It's in every heart, this unsung song,
Whose windows are open wide
To catch the key from the warbling bird
Or the moan of the coming tide.

My Childhood's Thoughts.

I THOUGHT as I watched the stars at even',
In the dome of the deepening sky,
That the blue was the floor of the beautiful heaven,
The stars the lights of the city high,
That gleamed through the floor, made worn and thin
By the tread of the angels' feet;
The beautiful city wherein no sin
Ever shadowed the life complete.

When the stars twinkled in bright fitful gleams,
I would wonder in awe who passed by,
And if it were "mother?" (She filled all my dreams
Since she drifted away to the sky.)
Oh, how earnestly I listened, to catch on the air
The sound of her voice in sweet song,
For surely she'd sing in the beautiful There,
As she did here on Earth, oft and long.

Perhaps I might see, if I waited, at length
Her face, as she looked down on me,
That face that was full of rare beauty and strength
To the child that once sat on her knee;
But the hours passed by, and the nights and the years,
And the stars filled the skies as of yore,
And my memory is filled with a little child's tears
For the mother, who came nevermore.

To-morrow.

OH, for a Master-hand, to paint "To-morrow."

What would my picture be?

A fair, sweet scene; where sin and sorrow

None could ever see.

There would be vast mountains, many hills,

For these mean Fame and Glory;

Stretches of woodland, running rills,

Like bits of rythm in story.

I would touch the clouds with a roseate hue,

Or the silver line reveal;

The sky should ne'er darken—'twould be all blue:

And then. I would softly steal

From the placid lake its depth and tint,

And paint the soul of song

That filled the throats of the birds, and print

Fond memories all along

The banks of my shelving river-side,

With its rocks for Power and Strength

That would never fail, and a certain pride

In good deeds; and then at length

My pencil would reach the dainty flowers,

Whose perfume rare and sweet,

Should 'waken the senses through all the hours,
To heighten the charms, replete
With all that we looked for, listened and prayed
And trusted for many years;
There should not be a wish unstayed,
A promise broken, nor tears;
Nothing but gladness and hopes fulfilled,
Health—all weariness gone;
And over these joys such a peace instilled,
It would linger 'til following dawn.
And then I would paint the golden strands
That drifts in some lives through—
Faith and Purpose and willing hands,
No matter what burdens bestrew.
The morning star and the shimmering sun,
And the moonlight's softened ray,
Would, when the dawning morn begun,
Be mingled into day.
At the threshold of Finis I would quietly pause,
And carefully dip my brush
Into my paint, to wipe out the cause
Of estrangement; and then through the hush
Of a silence that falls with the twilight,
A pair of worn hands should enclasp, [night
And the chasm that yawned thro' the darkened
Be bridged with that earnest grasp.
I would hear the voice, and paint the smile
That rested on each face;

And over the summer air the while,
An angels' hand should trace
"Understood," "Forgiven," "Friends for aye,"
And the links would bind so strong,
That never on earth nor in the sky
Could break with wrong or song.
I would paint every heart as a little child's—
As pure as the morning dew,
And as glad as when summer hours beguiles
With its sweetness and sunny hue,
This same wee one to its happy play,
Away from all thought of care.
I would paint to-morrow's coming day
With joys for all to share.

No Night.

THERE is no night for one with perfect trust—
Just one long day;
E'en tho' trials come, as come they must,
Along life's way:
The sun shines on with pulsing glow the same—
An undimmed light;
Shadows fall, but darkness hath no name,
There is no night.

The Ashes of Dead Hopes.

HER ANSWER.

I ACKNOWLEDGE I'm tired and lonely,
Weary of toil and its strife;
You tell me it's over, if only
I'll promise, and soon be your wife.

I've been on the hill-tops of morning,
Way down in the valleys of night;
I've seen the bright sunlight adorning,
And clouds scatter low in their might.

The pleasures of life have I tasted,
Its greatness as well as its woe;
And to give you the dregs of the wasted,
It were better methinks to forego.

Not wasted in idle repining,
Not wasted in weakness nor sin,
But spilled is the blood, torn the lining,
Of a heart that lies buried within.

Because of the trust that was broken,
A beautiful promise ne'er kept,
Can you wonder I pause when love's spoken,
And think twice before I accept?

When once a pure love has been shaken,
The sufferer struggles in vain
To throw off the shackles, or 'waken
To trust and true happiness again.

There's a lone grave in shadow off yonder,
And in it lies buried the past—
Shall I glean from the dead hopes, I wonder,
A glow of the old love at last?

Ah, no! It is useless to urge me—
Don't plead and don't question me why?
You may be true, and may not be;
My faith has been shaken for aye.

I'll re-cover my grave, and do battle
The same as I have done for years;
And amidst the world's hurry and rattle,
Give smiles, where I once shed my tears.

The Angelus.

Soft and low, soft and low,
Hear the bells, the evening bells;
How they murmur, come and go,
As through the vale their echo swells.

Gently falls the twilight hour,
See the sun has sunk to rest;
Every bird and bee and flower
Softly seeks its dewey nest.

Still two toilers labor on
In the fields of golden grain,
Wisting not that day was gone,
Gleaning when the wheat hath lain.

Implements of labor, rare,
As they bend to meet their task;
Gently on the twilight air
Whispers of the evening bask.

Hark, once more the silver bells
Toll so sweetly o'er the lea,
While the gleaner meekly tells
O'er his beads, the *Ave Marie*.

A Christmas Anthem.

Hark! all through the Heavens resounding,
All through the Earth, far and near,
Come the myriad of voices abounding
In sweetness as silver bells clear.
The angels in beauty, rejoicing;
Sing gladly this gift of the Son,
While children below, too, are voicing
The "Light of the world," so begun.

Hallelujah! Shout loudly the anthem
Away to the billowy sea, [stem,
Where the waves fling it back from the ocean's
And mountains return it to thee;
Christ is born!—i-s-b-o-r-n, how it echoes
And floats on the air evermore,
In rythms of beauty its melody flows,
As it reaches from shore unto shore.

The shepherds watch still, all so lowly,
Their flocks; but they fear not's of old,
For the grace of His presence so holy,
With the halo of Heaven's own gold,
Comes like dew to the parched grasses,
And it lifts up the floweret's head,
So not one, in His mercy, He passes
As He comes in the Father's stead.

The star in the East shines as brightly
As the dawn of that morn long ago,
When the babe in the manger, so sightly,
With Mary, His mother, lay low;
The air is as full of glad whispers,
Of "peace and good will unto men."
As memory's bells are of vespers,
Still chanting forever "Amen."

Looking forward.

WE all look forward. What would life be
That had in it no hope?
Even you who say "I have no hope," and see
Life through a horoscope,
Predicting only gloom and woe and tears;
Even you crave sunshine,
And seek to waft away all fears;
And throw your tangled line
Far out in the distant coming years
To catch a ray of joy;
For each hath need of this, to stay
The tide that ofttimes bathes the feet
Of those who ill at heart, yet may
Be stronger, through both cold and heat.

Thanksgiving.

THANKSGIVING has come with its glory,
All strewn o'er with russet-brown leaves;
It brings up the past, and the story
Of they who have garnered their sheaves.
Not one but has something to thank for,
Not a heart but should thankfully pray,
And bless Him for gifts from His bountiful store,
He has given us, day after day.
'Tis a beautiful, olden-time custom,
And hallowed because of the time
Brave forefathers fought for our freedom,
And mothers toiled grandly sublime.
There were years of terrible waiting,
And locks that grew gray with suspense;
With matrons and maidens relating
The actions of war, so intense.
There were days of hunger and fasting,
And nights full of wearisome pain;
There were hours that seemed everlasting,
And moments that dragged by in vain.
Cheeks paled with horror and wasting,
Bright eyes grew heavy with tears,
And red lips grew wan with the tasting
The bitterness of death, in those years.

Hunger and want was their portion,
The cold pierced the young, and the old;
Fair features were wrought in distortion,
And trembled the limbs of the bold.
It was over at last, and the morning
Sun shone from a blue, cloudless sky;
Smiles were the dear wife's adorning,
And the tear-drop that fell from her eye.
The maimed and the lame came home to them—
Both fathers and sons, worn and brave;
And others came not, but the diadem
Of their lives, they so willingly gave.
Peace and plenty soon followed
These grateful and God-fearing men;
And wives, with a feeling so hallowed,
Knelt with them in thanksgiving then.
Good cheer covered table and hearth-stone,
And the widow and orphan partook,
For soldier and wife would feast not alone
In His presence, who never forsook.
So the Thanksgiving custom descended
To us, who are thankful as they,
For homes that are still well defended
In much the same heroic way.
There are murmurs instead of thanksgiving,
In many sad homes this glad day,
Yet not one but's been blessed in the living,
If he'd look at it just the right way;

There's a thankfulness even in breathing
His wholesome and glorious air,
And a world of sublimity wreathing
A patient endurance and care;
If thankful of naught but that others
May not have been stricken as you—
A magnanimous thankfulness, brothers,
That will reach up to Heaven so true.
No home but has something to mar it,
No life that is free from all pain;
And paths may be darkened or star-lit—
The trail of the serpent will stain.
Then thank God for all, and still trusting,
Remember the poor in our midst,
For while they, their sad lives are adjusting,
He may do with thee just as thou didst.
If thy larder is well filled, or meager,
Oh, thankfully give up a share;
He is wistfully watching, so eager
To return measure for measure, with care.
No truer and better thanksgiving
May be offered, than gifts well bestowed
On the needy and desolate, living
In gloom on life's wearisome road.
Then to each a joyful thanksgiving,
May all boards be well filled to-day;
And all be the better for giving,
And reading this Thanksgiving lay.

A Little Pair of Shoes.

THEY stand upon my writing desk,
This "little pair of shoes,"
Their russet tops grown so grotesque
And soiled, with daily use.

On one the buttons all are there,
The other, only one
Remains to tell of feet so fair,
Encased till day was done.

Two tiny holes, one in each toe,
Gaze at me as I write,
As if to say, "he did not go,
He's with you day and night."

I hear the pattering feet afar,
They echo through my heart;
The old wound opens, and the scar
Stands gaping wide apart.

The hot tears bathe the sore to heal
But, Oh, it is so deep,
That naught will cure but death, I feel,
A calm and gentle sleep.

These little shoes, so full of pain,
Are full of blessings too,
For drifting through the sad refrain
Hope sings, with voice so true.

Some day he will come back to me,
The way he cannot lose,
For looking through my love, he'll see
His little pair of shoes.

Forgiven.

'NEATH lambent lights, where all is sweet perfume,
Where purest fragrance from rare flowers exhume,
A women lies, in costly casket, fair
As poet's dream, and in her golden hair
Gleam dewey pearls, and bands of gold,
And jewels on her hands so cold
And white, and none would ever pause and think
To see her lying thus so fair and sweet, a link
From other lives was gone, while she tread earth
That echoed with her mocking mirth.
But list! A priest comes forth, she has been shriven;
Ere yet she died, her sins were all forgiven.

The Woodland.

OH, woodland dell,
I know thee well,
Thy echoes still do form a part
Of treasures mine,
'Around the shrine
Of holy love, that floods my heart.

Thy leafy bowers
Are decked with flowers,
From which the fairies rob perfume;
And, Oh, how rare
Thy jewels fair,
When dewdrops gild thy heavenly bloom.

The breezes play
At will away,
With all thy glories—Nature's gifts;
In frantic haste,
They strew and waste
Thy tinted leaves, and pile in drifts.

The tiny birds,
In magic words,
Are heard within thy beauteous screen,
And to complete
Thy charms so sweet,
The laughing stream beneath is seen.

An emerald sheen
Is spread between
Thy fragrant earth and one who stands;
Full well I know,
This gem below,
A distant glimpse of fairer lands.

Disunderstanding.

WE stand without, when just a single thrust
Of hand, e'er so gently given,
All barriers would break down, they must
Fall, all locks riven,
When upon the other side the "paper wall,"
Another hand meets thine,
Only waiting, as thou didst, all
Too glad to cross the line.
Strange, each heart should ache the same
For other's cause. A lingering doubt,
A simple wound, much less in name,
So easy to escape and rout;
But no, perverse Nature holds her sway,
And binds her victims, day by day.

A Day from Heaven.

A DAY drifted down from the dawning sky
And floated mid air awhile,
Then softly settled, with gentle sigh,
'Mong flowers, with winning smile.

Its sunshine crept in the hearts of men
And the weary head was lifted;
The song of the birds filled every glen
As the laughing river, gifted

With a music of rippling songs so sweet,
Causing the ear to listen,
There came to each heart a joy complete,
As tears on the eye-lids glisten.

A murmur of peace, a fragrance pure,
The air was the dew of love;
It fell on each soul, with certain cure—
A touch from the hand above.

“A Day from Heaven,” with all its calm,
Knowing no sorrow here;
The rythm of Hope, with soothing balm,
Wiped off the mourner's tear.

A glad new song, with the hush through all,
Told of a crown, and scars;
And the wearer stood, within Christ's call,
Under the gleaming stars.

Her Lover.

He stood so close beside her chair,
And looked down in her eyes
With such a gaze as rapture gives,
When joy is love's surprise.
His strong right arm about her twined,
His blue eyes humid grew,
As he gently took her little hand
And pressed it fondly too.

He drew her head upon his breast,
And leaned his own upon
The silver threads, where golden once
The sunlight glow had shown.
"My precious darling," whispered he
In tender, soothing tone,
"You are all the world, my sweet, to me,
And I am yours alone."

The great heart of the woman grew
So full of love for him,
The lad who wore such eyes of blue
She felt her own grow dim.
So many years between them lay,
Her work was well nigh done,
But while she lived, she'd daily pray
And thank God for—her son.

Listen.

THEY are coming, don't you hear them,
All the whispers in the air;
The sounds of bird, and bee and wave,
And the sunny days so fair?

Don't you hear the roses whisper,
At the root of parent stem,
"I must hasten with my fragrance,
And fling out my love emblem?"

And the violet and crocus,
How they stir the yielding mould,
With their earnest little pushing,
As their heads they soon will hold

Above the earth and grasses,
With a dainty perfume rare,
As nodding to their sisters
Wood-anemone so fair.

The waters will rush by them
In frantic leap and play;
Leaves will rustle, birds will warble
All the livelong summer day.

And the heart of man keeps throbbing
To the tune that's in the air,
For he knows the days are coming
That will bring to him a share

Of the light and shade and beauty,
Earth dispenses free to all;
The happy days of summer—
How we echo their recall.

Come bird, come bee, come blossom;
Laughing river, sing your song;
Sunlight, soften all your glances,
As you join the happy throng.

Keep the Heart Young.

We never grow old if we keep the heart young,
Tho' phantom shadows fall
Among the tresses that once were so brown;
They come to one and all.
Eyes will not dim if the light in the soul
Is fed by kindly ray,
And the smile that hovers around Love's lips
Grows sweeter day by day.

Le Brave Chevalier.

[A TRIBUTE TO LIEUT. R. M. G. BROWN.]

AMID the hiss of waters seething,
And roar of winds aloft,
The lightning 'round them wreathing,
And thunderbolts so oft,
Rode the gallant ship, the Trenton,
With her sails all limp and low,
And Cadet Richard Jackson
Standing at the vessel's bow.

One by one the good ships battled
With the rage of tempest stern;
As Heaven's artillery rattled,
Every heart for home did yearn.
In Apia's reef-filled harbor
Tossed the crafts like children's toys,
Or leaves from vine-clad arbor,
Drifting out from Nature's joys.

One by one the good ships vanished,
With their freight of human souls,
While the cries from stout hearts banished
All their hopes—the wild bells tolled.
Black the decks with beings thronging,
Clinging hard to rope or mast,
Each with eye uplifted, longing
For the day to break at last.

When the dawn fell on Samoa,
Ruins lay at every turn;
Hundreds rested 'neath the billows—
Who would make their home-fires burn?
Anguish painted every feature
Of the gallant Trenton's crew;
Knew they well—yes, every creature—
Soon they'd lie beneath the blue.

Heart and courage both were sinking;
“We are lost!” the brave men cried.
“Hold! Not yet,” said Brown as, thinking,
He leaned o'er the doomed ship's side;
Then with head and eye uplifted,
He bade one and all, “Aloft!”
“To the rigging!” His voice drifted,
And the winds appeared more soft.

Quick all clambered, for they loved him,
Every man obeyed his will.
Their bodies in the morning dim
Caught wind and held, until
The Trenton reached deep water.
SAVED! And by a single mind
Held back from fearful slaughter,
Four hundred human kind!

The Hunter's Song.

Oh, high on the brow of yon rough, jutting crag,
I have made me a home near the haunts of the stag;
Where the wild billows roar,
And the cataracts pour
From the height of the mountains, o'er and o'er.

Where deep in the wilds of the forests, I see
No footstep of man, but is traversed by me;
Where the serpent's keen hiss,
And chasm and abyss
Have charms for me, full of bliss, of bliss.

I love this my home, my wild, rude home,
And would not exchange for the ruins of Rome;
Here the wild goat feeds,
And the chamois speeds
O'er the rock, to his mate, where he leads, he leads.

No, I would not exchange this weird home of mine,
For a palace of gems on the banks of the Rhine,
Tho' dazzling it be.
My home's by the sea,
Where the bold eagle soars, and I'm free, I'm free

Unhappy?

“Unhappy?” No; why do you ask?
Because my pen is found
To trace in words of no light task
A sympathy profound
With all that tends toward sadness?
Is't thus you reason, friend,
And think my heart knows not of gladness;
And thus my life will end?
Ah, then 'tis not given you here to see
That underneath this veil,
A heart of love beats full and free
And hath a happy tale
To tell, as well as that of sorrow.
You do not know the signs;
Take heed for often coming morrow,
And learn the sun shines
Where the storms have raged the fiercest,
And the calm that falls
Is greater where an arrow piercest
The hush of Memory's halls.
So if I write in mournful strain,
Paradoxical I see,
And hear the joy through waves of pain
Of Earth's humanity.
“Unhappy!” Not when He hath given
Me scope to soar aloft
And commune with minds who've striven
And reached the goal so oft.

Be Merciful.

Shadows may darken your pathway,
But the sunlight will linger there too;
As bitter and sweet are ere mingled,
And falleth the blight with the dew.

It is better to lay in our weaving,
A thread of the gold with the brown;
To lighten the burdens of others,
And give back a smile for a frown,

Life is too short to be churlish,
Kind words are easy to say;
Sow them broadcast in your planting,
And flowers will bloom by the way.

Be merciful e'en to the fallen,
Perhaps you may not have been tried;
The greatest of sins in His vision,
Is that of a blind, stony pride.

Cincinnati's Centennial.

Out from the cycles of ages,
And one hundred golden years,
Glad peans of praise from the sages
Are filling the hemispheres ;
The air is full of rejoicings,
For the city's century birth,
And a crown of glory is resting
Upon the brow of old Mother Earth,
Who has yielded her corn and vintage
Without stint ; and a loving hand
That is laid with blessing upon the age
Of Ohio's fair, proud land.
Around her beautiful valleys
The majestic river flows,
That onward with laughter and sallies
Its bountiful gift bestows.
The crafts still come to us laden
With the spoils of garnered years,
As they float on her bosom that bears the trace
Of a century's hopes and fears.
All around and about us
Are marks of skillful hands ;
Fair daughters and sons of Wisdom
Have competed with other lands,

And distanced them oft, in climbing
To the highest round in fame;
While memory's bells are chiming
And ringing the cherished name.
Shout aloud and rejoice;
Let Bacchus now bring
His choicest of wines to her feet,
And pouring them o'er
With uplifted voice,
The Queen City's praises repeat.
The thirst of her muses Aganippi shall quench,
As they herald the city in songs,
While Clio, proud, from her bosom will wrench
The history that to it belongs.
Laugh aloud with wild glee,
Sing, and fill up your bowl,
Let toasts to her prowess arise;
May love enter in, and so on to the goal
Of the beauty in fair woman's eyes.
Ceres and Flora, their trophies will bring
And garland the city anew,
While 'round her the glory and honor doth cling,
Cincinnati—so brave and so true.
May laces and webs, from the looms of the land
Of the Orient, whose sun gilds our own,
Be lovingly sent, and with fair, lavish hand,
About her proud shoulders be thrown.
The pearl, and the ruby, and diamond shall gleam

From the sheen of her satin-like hair,
While over all, like a fairy dream,
Shall linger the soft summer air.

Ho! Comus, make merry, and lend us your art
To gild all the joys of the hour,

Bid cankering care make haste and depart,
Ere the dew-drop shall rest on the flower.

To gentle Melpomene, a gracious adieu,
Who has guided the pen for this hour,

While with heart all intense, and smiles we renew
And welcome the century with power.

Appreciation.

“Tis a little thing to give a cup of water”

So it hath been said, but, better still
When hearts do thirst, are simple kindly words
That touch the chords their own sweet will,
And echo back in silent strains of song

A gentle sympathy—a music all their own,
That tells of gladness when the days are long
And weary, for each must walk alone
His path, tho’ his were not to choose.

All ways are God’s through dark or light,
And just as loving mother woos
Her babe and hopes, so lifts the night.

At Last.

I sit in the twilight's sweet gloaming,
My heart throbbing low in my breast,
While my soul is forevermore roaming
In search of that place called—Rest.

My eyes look away towards the valleys
Where shadow and light intervene.
The brook laughing by with its sallies,
A drift of the moonlight's sheen.

The night air so softly doth whisper
Of Peace and Fruition at last,
That I turn with a start as the vesper
Hymn reaches my ear from the past.

An echo of silences golden,
All grown o'er with hoar-frost of years,
The memory so bitter and olden,
Is a grave and a casket of tears;

Strewn o'er with a ripple of laughter,
A ribbon, a smile and a song;
The dead Hopes that follow thereafter,
With the Faith that doth to them belong.

The touch of a hand that has vanished,
A breath floating over my hair,
The echo of footsteps once banished,
A silvery voice; Ah, so rare.

They come in the gathering twilight,
These echoes from out the sad past,
And I know that the gloom and darkness of night
Will end with the morning at last.

The dawn of an eternal sunshine
Will break with new beauties, I ween,
As the hand over yonder reaches for mine,
With nothing to bar there between.

Pearls.

There was silence in Heaven, and listening,
The angels heard moans
Come from the Earth, and saw glistening,
Tears on bare stones.
As they looked, softly moonlight fell o'er them,
And changed them most rare
Into beautiful, costly and dainty gems,
Fit for queens' wear.
Then with the seal of His hand,
Through the air whirls
The word for our tears, the Father
Sanctioned them Pearls.

It Comes in my Dreams.

It comes in my dreams, a spot so fair,
All lambent light and shade;
A hush of peace through the fragrant air,
A beauty that ne'er can fade.

A spot so pure, with verdure green,
Set apart from all below;
Its loveliness none but I have seen,
And He who hath made, I know.

There are pictured rocks, and shelving shore,
And waters with tints of gems;
Rhythms of praise, floating o'er and o'er,
With touch of the Master's hems.

The leaves of the trees have a rustle soft,
Like music from spheres unknown,
And the warble of birds is heard so oft
In magic waves of tone.

The flowers that bloom on this fertile spot,
None ever were seen before;
Their color and fragrance more rare, I wot,
Than any this earth e'er bore.

The sunlight is softened, the sky so blue,
The heart sings for gladness and joy;
There is nothing here but is pure and true,
No taint of this world's alloy.

It comes in my dreams, this beautiful place,
Where love is the crowning charm,
And kindness and sympathy serve to chase
Away all deeds of harm.

There's nought that can tire, only to please,
In these beautiful dreams of mine;
Dreams that bring rest and perfect ease,
To finish the day's decline.

The Ruby.

DID'ST ever think the ruby
Was the blood of human hearts,
Congealed by constant sorrow,
And the arrow of pains' darts?
It is said, whoever wears them
Is insured from harm to come,
And it ferrets out all poison,
Wherever one may roam.
But there's something in its color
And in its meaning too,
That has a double savor,—
May it not be thus to you

Across the Line.

JUST as dear to me are mine,
Just as dear are yours to you,
They who stood in battle lines—
Our bonnie boys in gray and blue;
Each with heart for country's call,
Each laid low by cannon ball.

Side by side they lie at rest,
Yours and mine, where hands might clasp;
The sweet wind bloweth from the west,
And catcheth in its friendly grasp
A rare perfume from Southern wands,
And wafts it over Northern lands.

The fairest blossoms of the South
Nod gentle welcome, one by one,
To every Northern river's mouth,
That bids its channels toward the sun,
Its onward course fore'er to run,
From day to day till all is done.

Glad Nature teaches all the way
All bitterness to put aside,
A kindly heart from day to day
To open portals far and wide,
And cordially grasp a brother's hand,
No matter what his creed or land.

If dead tongues speak, then our boys
Lying low in Southern lands,
Whisper of something more than joys
We measure by, and clasping hands,
Look into one another's eyes
With smiles as radiant as the skies.

On sweetest sunlit summer morn,
As underneath its arch they lie
Resting, as when the newly born
Of Earth its mother's lullaby
Soothes it to gentle slumber
With love, not worlds can number.

So, sometimes, may not we, as they,
Clasp hands, and smile, and thus forget,
And love, as do the blue and gray
Who fought as best they knew, and yet
Forgave, for His sake—yours and mine,
Clasping hands "across the line."

One of These Days.

ONE of these days when all the years so silent
Have passed into eternity at last,
And you and I stand face to face, thus meeting,
Shall we remember all the bitter past?

Shall we remember all the woe and heartache,
That met us on life's morn and sunlit path?
Shall we in awe stand back, the pain renewing,
As glance, to glance, a greater misery hath?

Will stifled moans, pale lips the torture hiding,
Be wrung from hearts whose cup is more than full?
Will tears trace deeper, in the furrows graven?
Or shall an apathy our spirits lull?

Shall aching brain be horrified with vision,
Panoramic view of scenes we would forget?
Shall worn hands clinch, and make therein incision,
And blood drip from a life full of regret?

Must all the thorns be tread upon as olden,
Our weary feet no rest as yet to feel?
Must burdens borne, bow lower in submission,
Before His touch our broken spirits heal?

If so, dear God, from out thy loving kindness,
Let one soul drift into a blissful naught—
My own—and if a wild mistaken blindness,
Forgive, and understand the silence bought.

A Picture.

A DAWNING day, and hill-top whose brow was
flower crowned.
A shimmering sun, a prescience in air,
The perfume of peace, His beauty all around,
The trilling of birds, the glimmer of sea,
The sough of a summer breeze;
Away off yonder, where the hush of a silence
mingles,
With a cry that may never cease.
An earnest life, a proud, true heart,
Eyes with the light of the stars;
A winning smile, sweet lips apart,
And a trust that nothing mars;
An extended hand for the book,
Which holds, on its pages fair to see,
A lesson so rife, with the sweets of life
As it seems in a destiny.
An expectant look, a flush of joy,
Feet eager to tread the path;
A restless impulse without alloy,
A beautiful seeming, a something within which
hath
An awakening hope—for a toy,

A pause, a listen, a catch in the breath,
As wonderland bursts on the view—
So bright and so fair, so marvelously rare,
Oh, nought but is good, and is true.
A shadow, a cloud, a look as of death,
A sigh for the old, and the new;
A clutch at the blossoms fading beneath,
Which still at the feet, the pathway bestrew,
Like thorns in the weary one's wreath.
A soil on the book, a soil on the page
The hands less firmly hold;
A look as of one grown suddenly sage,
A sorrow's shaft the story told,
And old, but not with age.
A murmur of pain, for the hero troop,
And the ship, Hope, passing by,
An upward glance, for the angel group,
Through the fastly darkening sky;
Eventide coming on apace,
Clouds hurrying, scurrying by;
A look of woe on the ghastly face,
A pitiful, anguished, desolate cry,
As a hand looms forth to trace
The lines of a life that knew no sin,
Written in words of gold
On tablets so clear that the light within
Streams over the letters bold.

There are looming rocks by the weird sea-side,
An ominous flapping of wings,
And croak of gulls, as the winds they ride,
Eerie like flitting the tide.
Worn and weary and darkened the life,
And the night as well; a chill
And terrible mental strife
And battle with doubtful will.
Finished—the book lying low and torn
As thrown by a ruthless hand;
A murmur of winds through caverns worn
By the wear of the wide sea sand;
Just this—and the wash of fretted waves.
A moan in the heart none may hear.
There may be something which sometimes saves
The wreck of a life so drear.

Chained Down.

WHAT is the prison, the chain or the gyve,
To the fetters that daily bind
The soul and the bodies of those who strive
Through Poverty's curse so unkind?

Love's Tribute.

[DEDICATED TO MRS. ORMISTON CHANT, ENGLAND.]

OH, friend from a far off country,
A tribute of love I pay
To thee, for thy staunch defense of
The woman just "over the way,"
For thy kindly words of counsel,
Thy helping hand in need,
For thy care of the weak and fallen,
And planting the precious seed,
Of truth and right in weary hearts,
That had erstwhile gone astray;
Thee brought them back, with pleading tones
And eyes that were filled alway
With tears, for their wrongs and sorrows,
And smiles for the coming time,
When they, too, would see the morrow
Grow bright, through a love sublime.

For all that is pure and holy,
All that is noble and true;
His Golden Rule thou hast taught them,
"To me, as I do unto you,"
While others rested, thou slept not,
But walked at the midnight hour
Alone, through the streets, in darkness,
To rescue a fallen flower.

No winter's cold, or summer's sun,
Has stayed thy ready feet;
With voice of perfect sweetness,
Thou hast charmed the world complete.
Ever ready to do and dare,
In the cause thou hast espoused;
Small and slight and fragile,
Thou hast waning hearts aroused.

To the good that is within them,
For "all have an angel side,"
And thine the hand to beckon
Back from the coming tide
Of woe that would overwhelm them,
And hedge them without for aye;
Thine the harvest to gather,
In thy reaping, by and by.

Though ocean may divide us,
I shall see thee in my dreams;
I shall hear thy voice in fancy,
Passing sweet when moonlight gleams.
I shall catch that bird-like motion
Of head and eyes, so rare;
I shall waft a blessing to thee,
Bear thy memory in my prayer.

Meadow Bloom.

OH, star-eyed daisies and clover,
How cometh your bloom to-day?
If we search the wide world over,
There is none to say to thee "nay."

Oh, hearts of dainties golden,
Oh, sweetest of perfumes rare,
Thou tellest of memories olden
We've guarded with jealous care.

Oh, meadow with moonlight o'er thee,
With whisperings soft in the air;
The brook rippling by away to the sea—
All earth clad in garments so fair.

Can you wonder, oh, daisy and clover
And meadow, why mists dim my sight
As I whisper the old story over,
And bring back the ghosts of that night?

The ghost of a love that was slighted,
A heart that was broken for aye,
A wrong that can never be righted,
A promise that lived for a day.

And thou were a witness, oh, blossoms,
Else ne'er would I whisper it here;
As twined with thee, the memory comes,
Sweet flowers baptized with a tear.

If You were There.

If you were here to-day,
And I could take your hand in mine,
And look into your eyes and say,
"Forgive me, dear," I know that heart of thine
Would all respond, too gladly;
Though words I may have said
Had shaken your brave spirit sadly,
Your hand would rest upon my head,
In nought but earnest kindness;
Your gentle voice and dainty tread,
Would waft away my blindness,
And I would not have mourned thee—dead.

I gaze into your sad, sweet eyes,
In pictured form; and wonder
How chasms yawn, and walls arise
'Twixt those whom nought should sunder.
Strange, when friends are few,
And purest love a dainty rare,
We'll not prove true—
That with a fixed and vacant stare
We look away in cold pretense,
"It is all right," "we do not care,"
When every heart beat, hot and tense,
Denies the charge—laid bare.

Grim "paper walls" of sternest doubt,
Willful, we misunderstand;
And yet, the enemy to rout,
May simply need my wave of hand;
A sunny smile, a little thing,
A power—a perfect talisman,
To ward away, as birds of wing,
The noisome vapors of earth's ban.
Oh, when memory bears set pallid lips,
When waxen hands lie limp and low
Beneath a sodden mound, there sips
Remorse, who dines at courts of woe,

And gluts himself on misery.

If we had only known!
But 'tis not given us here to see,
Till later days have flown;
And yet we know, as know we must.

You dear, dear dead, if you could speak,
Would clasp our hands in perfect trust,
And whisper with white lips, and meek,
"I do, forgive, as He forgives."

Believing this, tho' heart is sore,
We courage take, for still there lives
The sentiment feeling o'er and o'er.

That you are here in spirit;
Your hand takes mine the same old way,
I feel your heart beat near it;
I look into your eyes and say,
"Father, mother, brother, child,"
(Whoever it may be)
"Let thy presence, true and mild,
Stay near, to whisper me,
Lest I regret again,
And Time bring back to me,
The same old mournful strain,
To linger through Eternity."

Yesterday.

Would you recall it if you could?
Was every moment golden-lined?
Were bright hours spent in happy mood?
Did not a shadow creep behind?
Was some one bettered by your life?
Did aching heart cease thus to beat?
If not, your yesterday was rife
With all that means a sure defeat.

The Look of Glad Surprise.

There's such a look of glad surprise
In our darling's starry eyes!
I wonder what wee Harold sees,
To give him so much blissful peace?

His little waxen hands lie low,
And whiter than the driven snow,
Upon his silent, pulseless breast—
Our precious baby is at rest.

And yet that silent look of wonder,
With radiant dewdrops lying under
The deep-fringed silken lashes,
A glimpse of heaven's brightness flashes.

Oh, close them not, until the last,
They tell of future joys, and past,
As 'round the sweetest lips there plays
A happy smile of Godly praise.

Our little love is wiser now
Than we. His broad fair brow,
Where cluster softly golden curls,
Wisdom's banner now unfurls.

The mystery for him hath past,
The Father's hand doth hold his fast,
And leads him into kindlier ways
Than ours—forever where He stays.

He showeth him, we know not of,
So filled with beauty and of love,
His starry eyes, in glad surprise,
Behold the wonders of the skies.

An awe upon us slowly steals,
As God His love to him reveals;
We cannot fathom yet his joy,
So stained are we with earth's alloy.

We give him up with far less pain,
Knowing it is his greater gain,
For never eyes could wear such glow
Whom He did not anoint, we know.

Now gently close each dainty lid—
That glimpse of heaven must be hid,
Until we lie, as baby lies,
Safe at home, in glad surprise.

True Beauty.

A glimpse of the soul through earnest eyes,
A face bright with joy and love's surprise;
A strength of purpose showing through
Each carven line, with kindness true.

Sometimes.

Sometimes, when all about is still,
And calmly wafts the evening air,
The pent-up feelings, and the will,
Both prostrate lie in deep despair.

Sometimes.

Sometimes, in spite of reins well held,
Whose white-hand power is self-control,
With lips compressed, and bosom swelled
With heart-ache hunger of the soul.

Sometimes.

We cannot pray, we only moan,
And lie in misery so abject—
With hands clasped tensely, cold as stone,
And tears dried hotly—none suspect.

Sometimes.

We long for death, a sudden hush
To fall upon us as we sit;
Oblivion, without noise or crush,
And thus the end, while shadows flit.

Sometimes.

Perhaps the dearest hopes of earth,
Our idols shattered, merest clay;
Long years of toil, that knew no girth,
By lightest breeze are swept away.

Sometimes.

We wonder if He knew or cared?
It seems so to our breaking hearts,
Mocking the life that He hath spared.
Thinking naught of that greater part.

Sometimes.

The Poet.

THE poet takes his text from nature,
And laughs and sings in joyous tone,
Or weeps and sighs with heart in tune
For every smile or patient moan.
The sun not always warmly shines,
Nor trees, nor grasses put forth leaves;
Clouds shadow, rains fall, warm or chill,
And poet spirit smiles or grieves.

A Christmas Idyl.

So many years ago He came,
The little Christ-child boy;
Came in His Father's blessed name,
To fill the earth with joy.

And yet it seems but yesterday—
The story lately read,
Seems, in its interesting way,
Of life—not of the dead.

How, in the manger fast asleep,
The little baby lay,
While gentle footsteps 'round him creep
And then abashed, away.

How, with good gifts and frankincense,
Men hovered 'bout his bed,
And watched the halo so intense
From babe's to mother's head.

The star that led them on that night—
The star of Bethlehem—
That star that shines for us so bright;
It meant the same to them.

The world knew not of penitence,
And prayer, and praise, as now;
A world of insignificance,
Nor head, nor knee to bow.

But when He came, the little child,
Whose signet was God's own,
The demons turned to angels mild,
And worshiped at His throne.

So must we bow, and praise, and sing,
For Christ is risen again;
And gifts unto His children bring,
In honor of the slain.

Hosanna! to our God and King,
Good will and peace to men!
Let every heart in rapture sing
Forever, and — Amen.

Love.

THE few know only truest love,
It rests alone on things above;
Where Patience, Kindness, Trust and Peace
Are never known to have surcease.

How do we know?

How do we know, because a face
Looks grave, that one is sad?
How may we tell if witching grace
Covers a heart that's glad?

Because a face is wreathed in smiles,
Is that one always gay?
A demon may be in those wiles,
Or grief in mock array.

Sometimes a manner cold and stern,
Conceals a tender heart,
That still for love and home doth yearn,
Whose wounds forever smart.

"She is so haughty," oft 'tis said;
Ah, well, they do not know
A living heart lies with the dead,
Her calmness hides her woe.

How do we know the hearts of men
Unless we judge our own?
How can we have a knowledge, then,
Of those who strive alone?

One may be bad, another good,
It's not for us to say.
Hearts slowly break in cheerful mood,
And drift out every day.

A human laugh in silver tones,
Oft greets the listening ear;
Hiding a tortured soul's deep groans,
That God alone can hear.

We have not time to watch the lives,
Or judge of human kind;
Enough for each who daily strives,
To faults of all be blind.

Not one of us but, when the day
Draws to its evening close,
Might better be in every way;
This, each one surely knows.

Intuition.

'Tis hard to throw sand in the eyes,
Striving to blind him who sees
By "intuition," true and wise;
He drinks the wine, not the lees.

So Tired.

So tired of watching and waiting
And hoping for happier things;
Pale hands, their own story relating,
Lie clasped like two folded wings.

So Tired.

So tired. So weary of toiling
With always a purpose in view;
So tired, when naught but recoiling
Comes back to a heart warm and true.

So Tired.

So tired, when daily come shadows,
Where only the sunlight should gleam,
With never a walk through green meadows,
Or a glimpse of life's beautiful dream.

So Tired.

So tired, heart-hungry, starving,
So care-hedged, misunderstood;
Yet bravely a bright future carving
By deeds of the purest and good.

So Tired.

So tired, when patient endurance
Brings naught but a handful of dross,
As "hope deferred" with an upward glance,
Sinks low, without profit, but loss.

So Tired.

So tired, and perhaps fruition
So tardy, may come not at all;
Why should one, all Love and Ambition,
Be driven so close to the wall?

So Tired.

So tired, that after these many years,
With phantom-like gleams in the hair,
And eyes grown dull with scalding tears,
Earth's promises proved but a snare.

So Tired.

So tired. Perhaps in His kindness,
The pitying Father above
Led us away, in our blindness,
From a path that would ne'er reach His love.

So Tired.

So tired; but somehow the knowing
A life had been well spent and clean,
That *sometime* the pearls we've been sowing
Will rival the moonlight's sheen.

Somewhere we'll not be tired.

Why Sing of Old ?

Why sing of old, when present days
Are fresher, fairer far?
As well the moonbeam's silent rays
To tilt against the star.

Why sing of foreign lands and name,
When here at our own door
Lies every attribute of Fame,
We search for o'er and o'er ?

Why sing of cave and cavern deep,
Whose land can ne'er compare
With ours, whose mighty wonders sleep
Around us, everywhere ?

Why sing of artist, or of art
In lands beyond the seas,
And pass by those of greater part
In glorious lands like these ?

Oh, Freedom is a mighty thing,
And yet 'tis thrown aside
By those who would of others sing,
Because of vaunted pride.

'Tis well to sing some good of all,
In other lands than ours;
'Tis sweet to hear the wild birds sing
And cull earth's wildwood flowers.

And yet it is to give the best
We have to our own shore,
And after that, with gentle zest,
To give what we have o'er.

In other lands (less fragrant soil)
Its people's choicest praise
Is for their own, in care or toil,
And thus they sing in lays.

"Our own fair land," the patriot cries,
It gives the best of earth.
The pæan reaches to the skies;
"The land of one's own birth"

God.

If you cannot *believe*, then *hope*—
For Hope hath snowy wings
To help us rise to a fuller scope,
And the understanding of things.

Resignation.

HE knows; it rests so kindly there;
All the doubt, the woe and the hungry despair
Over at last, all the struggle and strife
A settled calm on a turbulent life.

Hot eyes grow sadly patient the while,
And the quivering lips have learned to smile;
Pale hands have a sympathy all their own—
Resigned, not turned to wood or stone.

Scars lie deep on the heart and brow;
Nothing to hope or wish for now.
Ages seem to have passed away
Since the blow struck deep, one summer day.

All the bitterness washed away;
No thought of anger to rankle or sway;
Grief put aside for a holier thing—
Such perfect peace as the angels sing.

Like the pulseless glow of a golden strand,
The song without words from the organ grand,
The frozen smile on the face of the dead,
The perfume sweet from the floweret's head.

“A Resignation” pure doth teach, and
Maketh a nobler human stand
In the presence of Him who doth all things well,
From ocean deep to its murmuring shell.

Sublimity.

JUST to feel the breath of His kindness,
And the touch of His tender hand,
And hear the swish of His garments,
Through the beauty of earth's great land;
To see in the towering mountains,
In the rippling river's song,
The dash of the spray and fountains,
His smile, as it rests along
The rocks, by the weird old ocean,
Whose waves climb skyward high,
Whose restless, quivering motion
Is aflame, by the sunset sky;
To hear in the winds a rythm
Of soulful song alone,
That speaks to each creed or schism,
A language purely its own;
These with the heart's communion,
And lips so mute, so still;
These with the soul in union,
Understand His sublime will.

Smile and be Glad.

SMILE, tho' the heart be breaking;
Smile, though the clouds droop low;
Smile in the morn awak'ning,
Smile when to rest you go.

Think of the day with gladness,
Though toilful the hours and long;
Banish all care and sadness;
Lighten your labors with song.

Open the door of your sanctum,
That "Holy of Holies"—the heart;
Let in the sunshine that will come,
And be of you ever a part.

Speak kindly words to the erring—
Harsh one embitter the soul;
Each to the other deferring,
Holding o'er self full control.

Be content, be kind, be loving;
Remember the shortness of life;
It's not worth while to be proving—
Constantly arguing with strife.

Every life hath its bitter
As well as its sweets, to drain;
It is not "all pomp and glitter,"
That's freeest from sorrow and pain.

The golden rule is the best one
To follow the whole journey through;
"Do unto others as you alone
Would have others do unto you."

Apathy.

It steals along the nerves,
And touches every part;
Then snake-like winds and curves
And twines about the heart.
It soothes the flagging pulse
With flatteries of balm,
And drags down, to repulse
All efforts of true calm.
It strikes with poisoned tongue,
The center of the mind;
And leaves the soul among
Old ruins—stark, and blind.

After While.

AFTER while, when the years are gone,
And time no more shall be;
When night comes not, nor break of dawn,
Nor wash of wave at sea;
When all is calm: no winds to stir,
No moon, no sun, no stars;
And neither laugh, nor soft murmur,
Is heard 'neath sodden bars.

What will the meaning be to you?
Ah, what will it mean to me?
Will skies anew, be just as blue,
In the vast eternity?
Eternity! Is it here, or there?
Does it mean forever and aye?
With a day of rest, that reaches where
Is eternal bye and bye.

Shall we never look back "after while?"
Will memory deadened be?
Would you have it so, with never a smile,
For a joy that used to be?
If labor is wafted forever away,
Will heaven not slowly pall,
With its beauty and sweetness in one long day
And make of us drones for all?

Oh, the misty gray of this "after while,"
With what is its meaning fraught,
As we journey along, mile after mile,
With experience dearly bought?
Does it mean that with love, and perfect trust
And a life that hath no guile,
Brings sure to us, as we're taught it must,
Great joy in this "after while."

Or shall we gaze blankly, with wide staring eyes,
Knowing no love, nor no hate;
Indifferent to all, no glad, sweet surprise
To greet as we stand at the gate;
The loved ones we've lost, now found but to lose,
For if they're the same to us all;
No difference shown, nothing to choose,
'Twill be naught but "wormwood and gall."

Oh, better by far, if ties be thus riven,
The grave with its long dreamless sleep;
For even to one "unto whom it is given,"
'Twere better, than waken to weep;
Hopes that were cherished through pain-stricken
years,
How we watched their bright light 'long the line!
To have them cast down after suffering and fears—
Then that is no Heaven of mine.

The Right and the Wrong.

I KNOW what it is to be sorry,
And I know what it is to be glad;
I've been on the hill-tops of glory,
And I know what it is to be sad.

I've been in the homes of the lowly,
In the rich have I roamed without care;
In places most sacred and holy,
And in dens where there's never a prayer.

And I know as I meet every human,
The difference we talk of is small,
'Twixt man, and 'twixt woman and woman,
Old Adam's the same in them all.

Money ofttimes makes distinction,
And culture and care greater still;
And pride, which will bear no extinction,
Endeavors to sugar the pill.

But the heart of each human beats ever
The same in the rich and the poor;
The weakly of intellect, the clever,
The good and the bad, I am sure.

Perhaps if your lines had not drifted
Into places most pleasant and fair,
You would not be the "uplifted"
Any more than that creature right there.

So pause—when you think to condemn him,
"Put yourself in his place" as it were,
Forgiving the sin, for his ignorance dim;
Just give him a chance and a share.

There's nothing like living to never regret,
For a soul who could happier be;
And never a wrong, but a right with it yet,
If you sift out the wrong thoroughly.

The Song in My Heart.

THERE'S a song in my heart that I never sing,
And its music is low and deep;
Its chords are all true, but one broken string,—
That, has a memory to keep.
I hear it so oft when all else is still,
In sweetest of notes, and clear;
And then as I listen and bow to His will,
There's a moan on the string, and a tear.

It is Always So.

THERE is always in every pleasure
A something akin to pain,
The heart, tho' brim full of treasure,
Beats ever a sad refrain.

The laugh that is gayest is fleetest,
A sigh oft follows its tone
As the song that is sung, tho' sweetest,
Has a rythmn of sadness its own.

The music of waves have a murmur,
An undertone trenchant and deep,
As of troubled unrest, or of hope deferred;
A something to 'waken from sleep.

If you gain the prize you have toiled for long
And happiness seems so near,
Shadows will follow in fearful throng;
Some one will cause you a tear.

If you find friends true, you will find them false,
As hope to the earth is thrown
By the cruel words of a soul who halts
To give you a cutting tone.

Birds warble sweetly, but in every note
One may hear an echoing cry;
And in all peaceful zephyrs that float,
From earth to the deep blue sky.

There's a sigh, and a moan, and a whisper of tears,
And a drift of the "might have been;"
Just as the moon her shadow clears,
A cloud comes shifting between.

It is always so, as the right and the wrong
Go wandering hand in hand;
So will the sadness follow the song,
While sung on this earthly land.

The clouds will follow the sunshine,
The rain will softly fall
Into all lines, both yours and mine,
It is thus for one and all.

But oh, it is something to think of,
Something to cherish most dear;
That after all, there's a boundless love
To wipe away every tear.

Dule Tide.

YES, it's an olden, old story,
Yet so new, is the tale that is told,
That catching the rays of His glory,
And weaving the thread in spun gold;
We'll tell in the words He has given us,
The birth of His son, Christ our Lord;
How he came in his beauty to brave thus,
The scorn of the world, and its sword.

How fair, as he lay in the manger,
Fell the promise of peace at his birth;
How the hand-clasp of brother and stranger,
Should bring great good will to the earth;
As Mary, his mother, bent o'er him
With eyes beaming forth such a love,
Out from the shadows of twilight dim,
There drifted down songs from above,

So freighted with pearls of rejoicing,
So radiant with heaven's own smile,
That angels forever are voicing,
This gift of our Lord, all the while.
They tell (and the words fall so sweetly,
Like balm, on the deep-troubled heart),
That the Father doth all things completely,
And in all, we have each one a part.

“This gift that is yours, is also mine.”

Hark! The silver-toned bells chime clear.
See, the star of Bethlehem in beauty shines,
To light up the way, dark and drear.

Ring out, Christmas bells, send forth in peals.

“While shepherds watch their flocks;”

In homage bow, the suppliant kneels,
As softly fall the knocks.

It shall be opened unto you; rise,
And sing for joy and gladness;
In one vast scroll, the earth and skies,
Now meet to banish sadness.
Receive the gift, with thankful praise,
And share the triumph when
He gently leads thee all thy days,
In paths of peace. Amen.

The Clasp of a Hand.

It means for more than the meeting of hands
Just as boards are pressed;
And the cordial grasp of the sincere man's,
Holds all that is truest and best.

Sometime it will Come.

Sometime the day will come, my dearest,
When you and I no longer wait at even'
For the coming form of one who is the nearest
Each to the other, on this earth or heaven.

A day will dawn, when one of us stand lonely,
Thinking of the past and all it gave;
And if the love we bore each other only
Went beyond a lowly, grass-grown grave?

If, when the gates swung wide for some to enter,
You would stand waiting on the other side
For me, or I should linger—loving; tender,
Waiting at the golden gate for thee.

Ah, "sometime it will come," perhaps at twilight,
Sadder still, at lonely midnight hour;
When we are thus stricken by the chilling blight
That comes to every human flower.

My tears fall now at e'en the thought of parting,
Then what would follow, when real parting came?
Even as deep pains, my heart for thee is darting,
So 'twould manifold, in greater name.

Then darling, as we know an hour is coming,
Or a day—it may be many years—
When we, as in all Nature summing,
Say, “good-bye, love,” low, with falling tears,

Let us prove by every passing hour of living,
That purest love and trust are best, and yet
When mistakes come, be e’en so forgiving,
That death will bring no shadow of regret.

Disappointment.

YES, we all know what it is to
“Stake a hazard on a die
And lose”—that is, most of us do,
And tho’ we may not cry
Out, the hurt is there the same.
And why it is that agony
Should follow, where war with pain
Is common; why, where air’s so free,
We should be only potters’ clay,
To crumble in some hands at will,
’Tis hard to understand. One day
It may be, “Peace be still.”

Beekun Bob.

HE warn't no bigger nor nuthin,
An' jest about ez slim;
But he hed a sort o' suthin,
Thet made a hero o' him.

An' only a leetle Swede chap,
Nigh ten year ole, I guess;
Whose skanty clo'es an' rimless cap,
Wuz nuthin more ner less

Than rags thet cold winds pierced through
He warn't afeerd o' work,
An' in his faded eyes o' blue,
A look: he'd never shirk.

His dad an' marm wuz miners
In a teown in Michigan;
They warn't no superfiners,
Jest a woman an' a man

Thet worked hard the hull day long
En the vitals of the yearth;
Their lives warn't wuth a penny song;
They never hed no mirth.

'Twuz jest a stiddy toil fer bread,
An' "Beekun Bob," their son,
(The only kid they ever hed,
An' he wuz a dandy one,)

Made up his mind to take a stan'
When the night begin to come,
Right nigh a great hole in the land,
They'd pass when they went hum.

So when the shadders 'gin to fall
An' night wuz settlin' deown,
He'd take his pine knots, one an' all,
An' hurry through the teown.

An' when he'd reach the ole mine shaft,
Which hedn't been used fer years,
He'd light his torches, fore an' aft,
An' hold 'em up like spears.

He warn't no slouch, I kin tell ye,
He'd nary thort o' self;
Afeerd his parents wouldn't see
The hole and cavin' shelf,

An' mebbe they would fall en it.
So every night he stood,
Till he earned the title fit,
O' "Beekun Bob, the good."

Wall, one night—an orful cold 'un,
The winds blowed mighty high—
He tuk his stan' when day wuz done,
With pine sticks, light an' dry.

Night wore on, he never flinched;
His dad an' marm stayed long.
Neow the thin, white face growed pinched—
He warn't so very strong.

An' when the dawn o' mornin' cum,
It foun' "Bob" standin' still,
An' frozen stiff, an' white with foam
His lips,—the night did kill,

The torch into his hands wuz burned,
His eyes stood open wide;
He never left his post, an' earned
A home the tother side.

You see, it happened in this wise:
The mine whar his folks t'iled
Caved in on 'em, up to the eyes;
An' after hours, tho' s'iled,

They wuz released by crowds o' folks.
What do you think they did?
(A lump gits into my throat an' chokes
When I think o' that kid.)

They didn' think nuthin on it;
Sorry, I reckon, o' course.
They said, with an emphasis 'pon it,
"Dead boy no good to us."

The "does" at the city hospital,
They tuk his body away;
I seed him lying like a gal,
While his poor hands bandaged lay.

I don't lay it up agin 'em,
His dad and marm, you kneow;
'They meant well, hed a row to stem,—
Th' same to the dead hero.

Watch Thyself.

It needs only a sincere mind,
To read the thoughts of men;
Even tho' one were stricken blind,
He'd have the knowledge then.
A closer watch upon ourselves,
'Twere well to keep each day;
Lest some in form of fairy elves,
Should lead us to betray.

The Opal.

THE superstitious gravely claim
This gem sheds baleful gleams;
One wearing it may come to shame
Or grief, and even his dreams
Will be distorted, and blame
Fall on him for unjust cause.
Were this so, to me it seems
I'd wear it still, and never pause
To think if true, but keep right on
The self-same way, and duty do
Through good or ill, night or dawn;
Striving to be as brave and true
Till breath and life were gone,
And heaven loomed in view.

Labor.

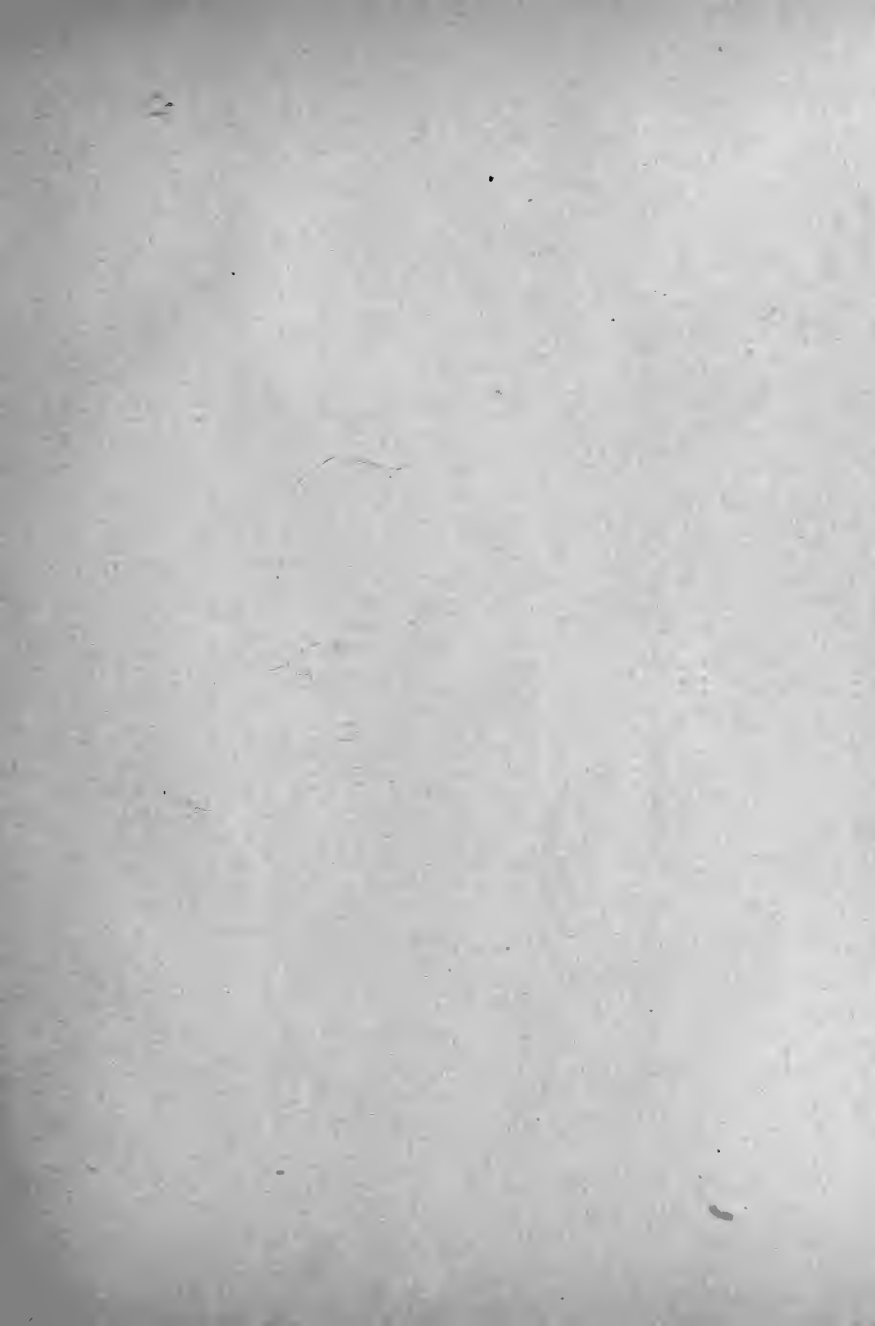
Honest "labor" is not degrading,
'Tis thought that makes it so;
Strength of purpose, with never fading
Zeal, will more noble grow.

Until We Meet Again.

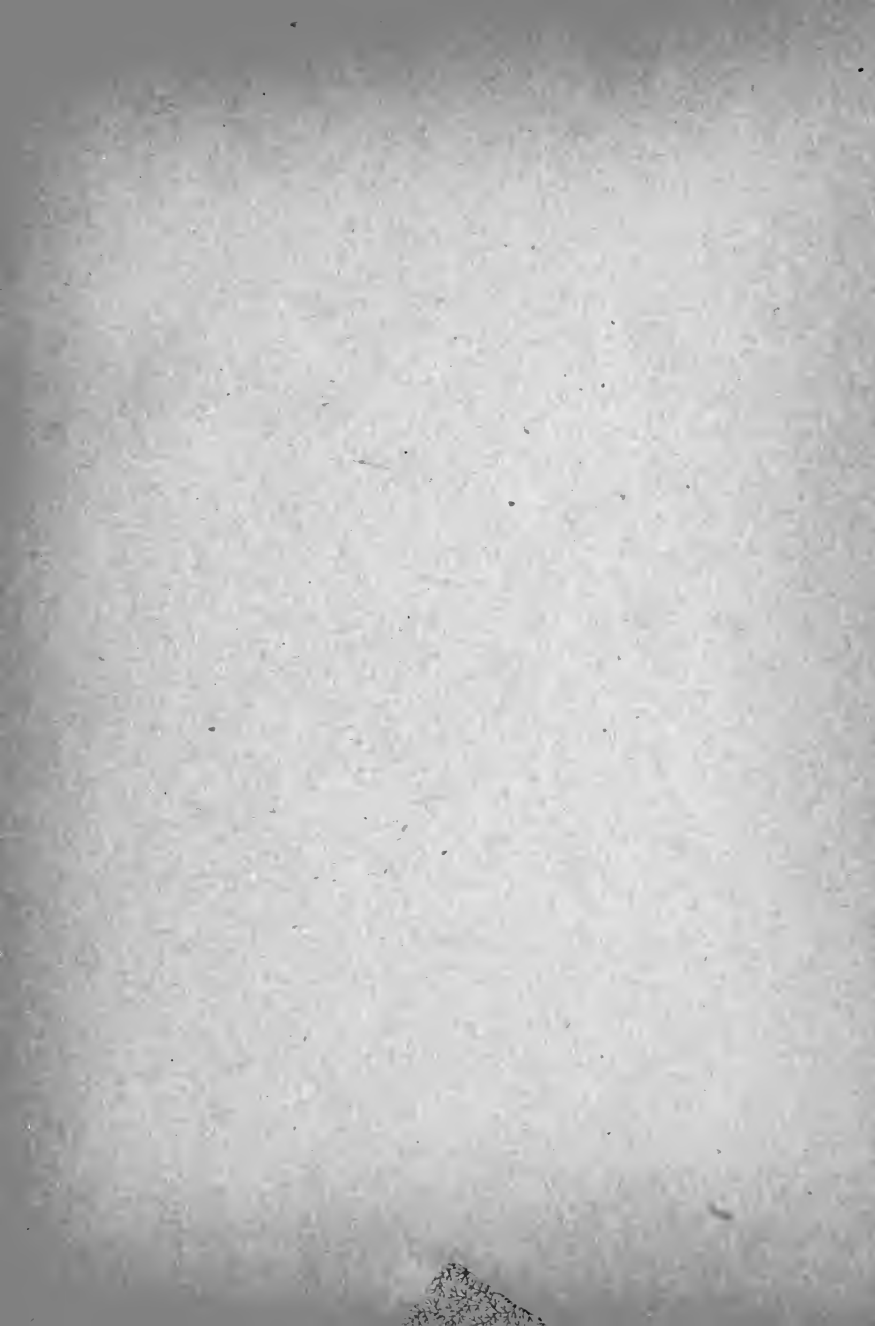
The softening tints of soothing Autumn days
Are painting all the land;
Now brown, now gray, now red and sunny rays,
Abroad on every hand.
The Winter snow will gently fall, and ice-bound lake
And river, brook and rill;
Then Spring shall come with rain, and Summer take
Her place at own sweet will.
But oh, may joy, and peace, and happiness be thine,
No trouble deep, or pain,
In coming day or night; may peace and love entwine,
“Until we meet again.”

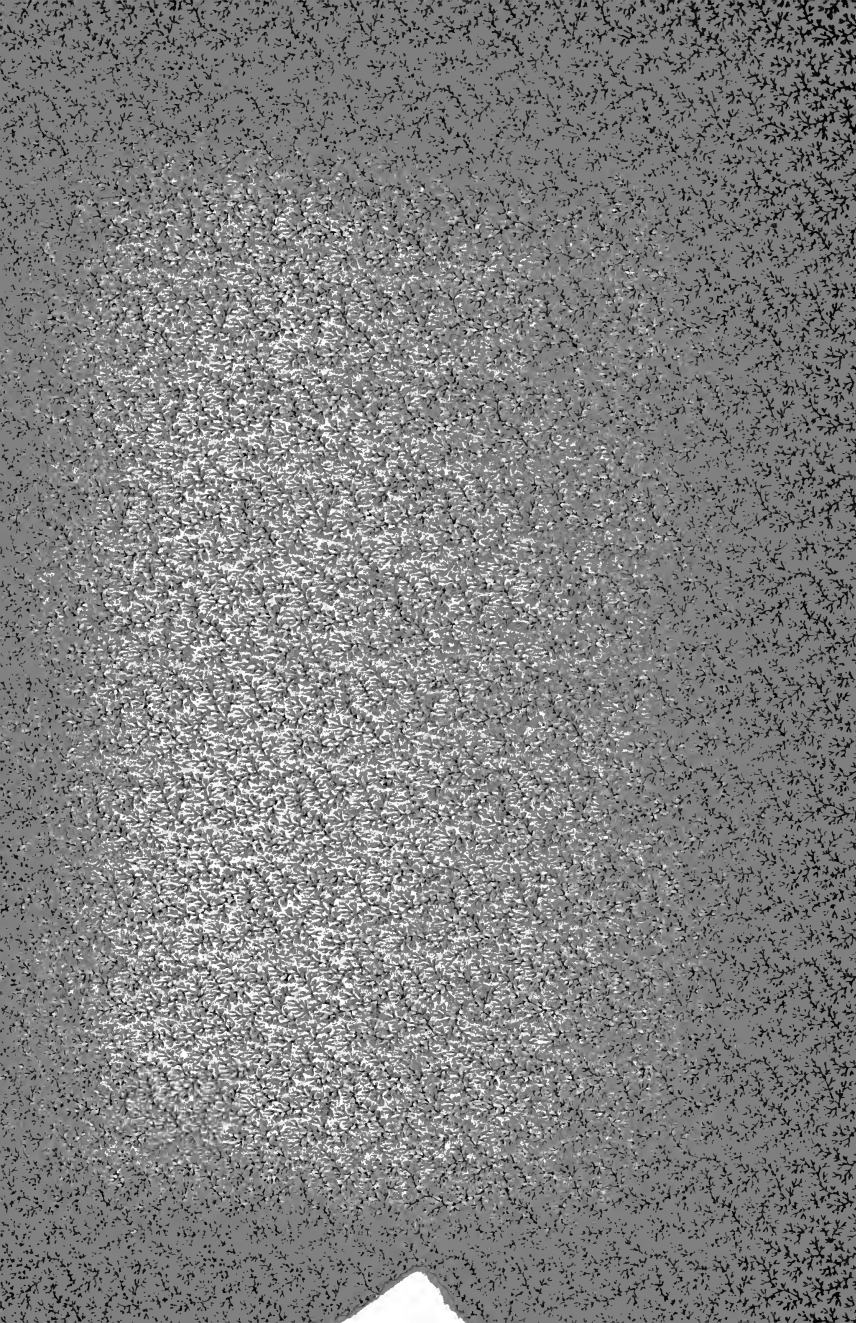
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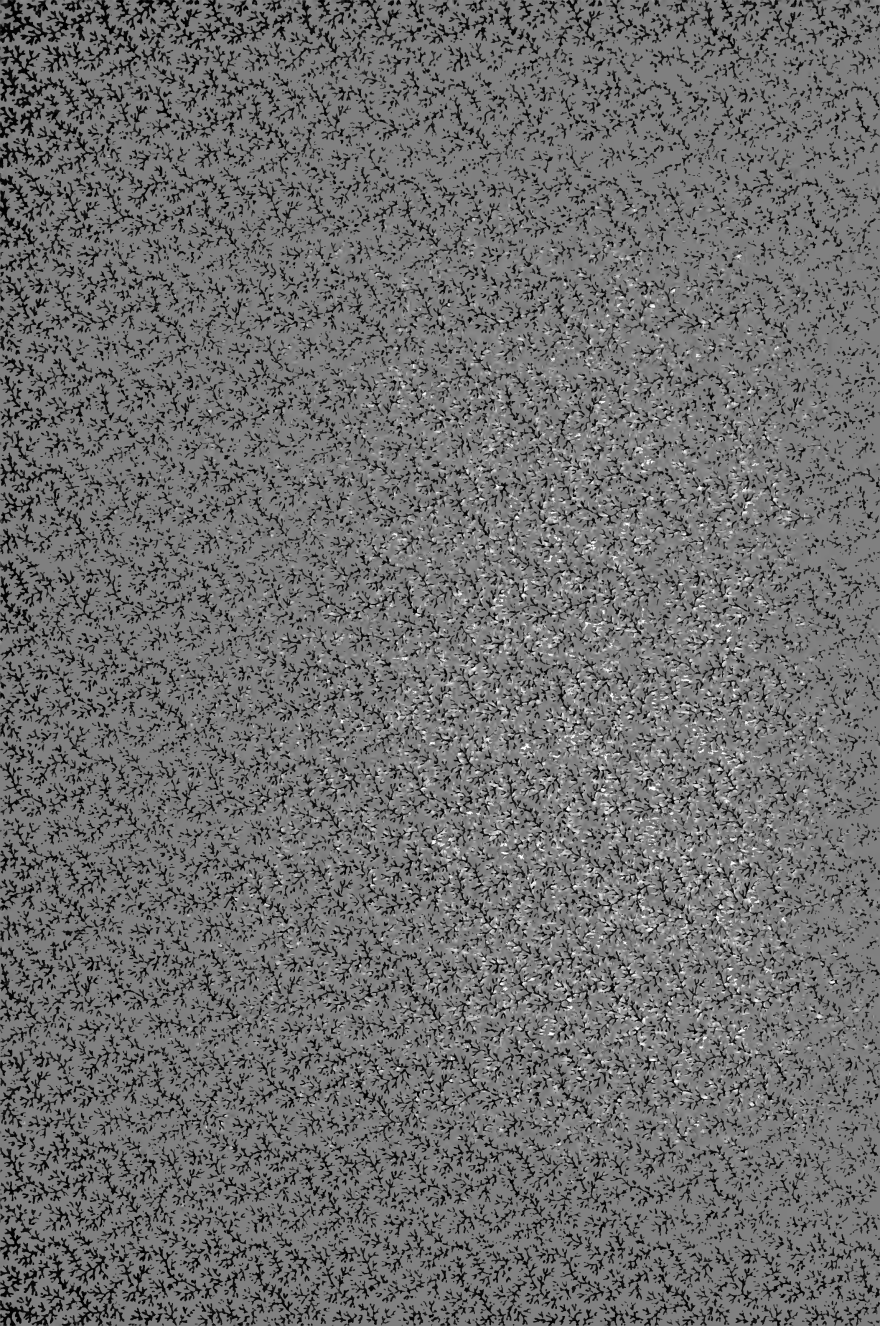
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